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For the Windham County Democrat.

Alas, my babe, I cannot pause to weep o'er thee,
To fold thy hands upon thy breast
And lay thee in the grave to rest;
I may not step thy tiny form once more to see,
For close the clanking chains I hear
Whose weight I've felt for many a year.
I dare not shed the tears that press upon my brain;
To blind my eye, and lose my way,
Would be to face the tyrant's prey:
Be still, poor heart, and tho' thou'rt *rent* with pain,
Check not my prayers by a thorn—
From bondage worse than death I go.
Thou'rt *free*, my babe, and tho' thy mother cannot stay
This last sad office to perform,
She knows that from that mangled form
The happy spirit's flown to realms of endless day!
There whips and chains can never come
To mar thy soul, thou treasured one.
And should I fail to gain the land where all are free,
I'll bless the hand that bathed in gore
The babe I in my bosom bore,
For thou wilt never know the shame a *slave* must feel;
Thy mother's heart can better bear
The bitter pangs *thou* can'st not share.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS FRANCES D. GAGE.

"THERE are two things," said the young and beautiful Mrs. Lily, "which I was constitutionally born to hate; Slavery and intemperance. I was born in a slave State, and reared amid all its influences, but never for an hour, since my earliest recollection have I felt aught else than utter repugnance, to the whole system, to its injustice and wrong. I don't believe any person thinks it right. They only defend it because they cannot be consistent with themselves and their interest (they think it is their interest) and condemn it. So they rack their brains to find excuses for their own folly. O! I wish there were a thousand Mrs. Stowe's to shake the world."

"Why," said I, "you quite surprise me. I did not expect to hear a native born Missourian give vent to such feelings against the peculiar institution. So you dissent from the opinion that "Uncle Tom" is an exaggeration?"

Exaggeration!" she exclaimed, rising from her reclining posture, "Exaggeration! Can there be exaggeration of *slavery*? Can human thought imagine any cruelty or injustice that human thought has not imagined and carried out?—Talk of the lash and chain—they are nothing when compared to the soul torture that the creatures groan under for years. Let me tell you a story—fresh and new. I had an old colored woman washing for me for four or five years—she was one of the most faithful, truthful and pious women I ever knew—black or white. She was once a slave, belonging to ——— Davenport. But he was a kinder master than other men, and gave her the privilege of buying her freedom for one thousand dollars. This sum that old and faithful creature earned and paid herself. Only think of it!—one thousand dollars for the privilege of what our wise statesmen call the "inalienable right of man," bestowed by the Creator. When free, she stipulated for the freedom of her son, in the like sum, and this with years of toil, she earned, and when he came to manhood's years, he too was free."

Think of this, fair mothers of our land!—Ye who hug to your hearts the children of your love, and feel a mother's joy and sympathy. Could your love do more than this for them? You work to clothe, to school and make comfortable those dependent upon your care; but which of you can measure the toil that this poor stricken mother had to bear, ere she filed away the galling chains from the limbs of her child.

"Well," continued Mrs. Lily, (and she grew more beautiful with every word,) "when the mother and son were free, they pledged themselves to the owner of another plantation to pay another thousand for the wife and child of the ransomed son. The master allowed the woman to come to the city and live with her husband, and work on her own hook, paying him so much per month. Three hundred dollars had been paid. Some time in April, this oppressed class had a public tea-party and fair, to gather funds to finish their church, a neat edifice on ——— St. The mother, son, and wife were there, returned home, or started home about midnight—the horses ran away, and George, attempting to get out of the carriage to assist the driver, fell, and his head was dashed against the corner of a curb-stone.

He died instantly, and the morning papers announced the facts, and spoke of him as a highly worthy and respectable member of ——— Church. But no sooner had the owner of Susan, the wife, heard of George's death, than he hurried to the city, post-haste, and took the afflicted wife from their house, drove her to the Slave auction and sold her to southern traders.

Thus were the three hundred dollars lost to those who earned it, the old, toiling mother left childless; and the young wife but yesterday rejoicing in the strength and hope of freedom and love, suddenly turned into a chattel, and sold "away down south," to be a beast of burden—perchance for a Legree."

"When did this happen?" we cried, almost gasping for breath.

"Why, here lately. I met the old mother as I came from our "Glorious Fourth" Picnic.—She was dressed in deep mourning, (I had not seen her for a long time, for they had got them a home, and she did not wash any more. I asked her what had happened, and she told me all. O! Mr. G., how it made me feel! I celebrated our liberty; she a woman—a wife, a mother—mourning over enslaved, and doubly wronged children.

"I know there is a God, Mrs. Lily," the poor, bowed creature said to me, "I know there is a good God, and a Jesus, or I should give up in despair, and sometimes I *do*; I look up and down and all round, and *there is no light!*"

"And is there none to defend you?" I asked indignantly.

"It seems not, for the deed was done." 'But,' said she, rising to go, upon seeing my horrified look, "I should not have told you this." I have not slept quietly since I met this poor oppressed mother, and her words ring in my ears "there is no light." It seems even so—but what can we do?

My friend passed out and left me, while I continued to pace the floor, uttering those ominous words, "there is no light." Hope seemed for a little while to veil the radiance of her face with her pinions, and weep; and then she opened her wings again, and her beaming eyes looked full upon me. I thought of the past, the present and the future. The beacon light blazed up from afar, and I saw in the dim distance, by its far reaching light, the shackles fall off the limbs of the slave, unrivetted by the hands of woman; I heard her words of pleading and of prayer; I saw her acts of kindness and love; and a voice came to me: "Woman must do this work." Let the mother plead for the mother; the wife for the wife; the sister for the sister; the daughter for the daughter. Let them plead as woman only can, with an abiding faith, an ardent hope, an enduring charity; and *there will be light* for the slave mother, and the slave wife.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

"LIGHT is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun. "I am the hem of his garment," responded the soft and rosy twilight.

The clouds gathered themselves together, and said, "We are his nocturnal tent;" and the waters in the clouds, and the hollow voices of the thunders joined in the lofty chorus, "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth in the heavens, the Lord is upon many waters."

"He flieth upon my wings," whispered the wind; and the gentle air added, "I am the breath of God, the aspirations of his benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched earth; "all around is praise; I alone am sad and silent." Then the falling dew replied, "I will nourish thee, so shalt thou be refreshed and rejoice, and thy young infants shall bloom like the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," sang the refreshed meads; and full ears of corn waved as they sang, "We are the blessing of God, the hosts of God against famine."

"We bless thee from above," said the gentle moon.

"We bless thee," responded the stars; and the lightsome grasshopper chirped, "Me, too, he blesses in the pearly dew-drop."

'He quenched my thirst,' said the rose; "and grants us our food," say the beasts of the forest: 'and clothes my lambs," gratefully added the sheep.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." "He heard me," said the wild goat of the rocks, "when my time came, and I brought forth."

And the turtle-dove cooed, and the swallow and other birds joined the song: "We have found our nests, our houses; we dwell upon the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing, in tranquillity and peace."

"And peace," replied the night, and echo prolonged the sound, when chanticleer awoke the dawn, and crowed with joy: "Open the portals, set wide the gates of the world! the King of glory approaches. Awake! arise! ye sons of men; give praises and thanks unto the Lord for the King of glory approaches."—*The Friend of Israel.*

Modern Skepticism and the Church.

The New York *Independent*, a well known Congregational paper, holds the following language:

"Among all the earnest-minded young men who are at this moment leading in thought and action in America, we venture to say that four-fifths are skeptical even of the great historical facts of Christianity.

What is told as Christian doctrine by the churches is not even considered by them. And furthermore, there is among them a general ill-concealed distrust of the clerical body as a class, and an utter disgust with the very aspect of modern Christianity and of the church worship. This skepticism is not flippant; little is said about it. It is not a peculiarity alone of the radicals and fanatics; many of them are men of calm and even balance of mind, and belong to no class of ultraists. It is not worldly and selfish. The doubters lead in the bravest and most self-denying enterprises of the day."

On this subject the *Evo. Chronicle*, edited by Rev. Mr. Raymond, observes:

This may seem very strong language, but ten years of reflection and observation in the service of the Church has convinced us of its truth. It is a fact that a large proportion of the young men of this very city, *particularly* the thinking and upright among them,—are to-day tinged with skeptical views. It is useless to stand shaking the head with sorrow and anxiety about it—and much more useless to start back with sanctimonious horror, or to attempt any sort of proscription with regard to it, or to label such men "infidel" and with "bell, book and candle," having detached them from the sympathies and confidence of society, to frighten them back into the fold. The day has long gone when such expedients could affect anybody worth affecting. What ought rather to be done is to examine the *causes* of this disaffection among our youth to the pure and beautiful truths of Christianity, irrational and unnatural as we know it to be. That this may be found in the tendencies of fallen human nature, and in the heart's impatience of control, is true enough in one sense, and we are well aware that this solution of the difficulty, exempting selfishness and sloth from all responsibility as it does, will be to many conclusive of all further investigation. But we are persuaded this sad defection will continue to increase, until the Church begins to ask how far *she*, in her own life and teachings, embodies the beautiful ideal which she recommends so earnestly to the world.

When that inquiry is faithfully pressed home to the heart and conscience, we are persuaded that she will discover that she has permitted modern infidelity to "steal her thunder"—to appropriate her livery of light, and to write upon its banners that glorious motto—HUMAN REDEMPTION AND HUMAN ELEVATION,—which belongs to her. We believe in our inmost souls that the course of the Church and the Clergy on the great questions of reform which occupy the public attention at this day, is *training the people to infidelity*. Religion is "commended to every man's conscience"—it is said to be in perfect harmony with his reason and with the convictions of his moral nature. And yet when every conclusion of a young man's judgment and every instinct of his soul recoil from the idea of *property in an immortal man* as an inhumanity, as a blasphemy, a libel on the Gospel of Christ, an outrage on the image of God—he is gravely told by some solemn deacon of the church that God sanctions the system, and the Gospel, in blank opposition to its most vital principles, hallows it. While the generous and manly heart of the youth is torn with conflicting emotions of pity and indignation at beholding the myrmidons of a government, venal and corrupt as an alliance with the great slave abomination can make it—these myrmidons themselves, notoriously the basest of mankind—ruthlessly hunting from his home or tearing from his wife and children some poor dark-skinned neighbor whose life-long unrequited toil has not yet cancelled another man's claim to his body and to his soul—behold his minister (or his *father's* minister) rises in his pulpit and tells him that there is no *Higher* Law than the statute that institutes this accursed work, and declares that as obedient citizens, "thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness!" Is it any wonder that when the same clergyman, on the succeeding Sabbath, announces his text, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them,"—it should be received by that youth with a sneer,—the exponent of a latent scepticism? Or when he hears some unctuous church-member holding forth like an angel in the prayer-meeting about brotherly-love, and the benign influences of a religion which diffuses through the heart an impartial regard for the whole family for whom Christ died,—and on Monday sees the same good brother talking about "niggers" and "fanatics" and turning up his holy nose at a despised and persecuted race,—is it any wonder that this dear man's zeal for his soul, in revival-times, fails to affect him very deeply, and that he is slightly dubious about the value of his prayers in a poor sinner's behalf?

Why is it that so many hundreds of thousands are falling off, in these days, from the churches into the world, if not from a lurking distrust of the genuineness of the conventional, organized Christianity of the times? The eloquent John Mason could once demand what evidence of philanthropic zeal infidelity had ever manifested, and claim for the churches of God every effort that had been made for the elevation of humanity, from the beginning; but alas, the scene is changed, and save those enterprizes which, however beneficent they may be, are still put forth under sectarian colors, instances of church participation in the great schemes of philanthropy are exceptions rather than the rule. A day of winnowing will surely come, when, we doubt not, much which is now branded as infidelity will be owned of the Great Master, and much of the pride and prejudice of modern religion must take its place with the broad-phylacteried hypocrisy of the days of Christ.

REMARKS.

There is much good sense in the above. We cannot agree with the *Chronicle* in the idea that this "modern infidelity," as it is called, is owing to the "disaffection of our youth to the pure and beautiful truths of christianity," nor is it to be accounted for by any evidence which they furnish of "the tendencies of fallen human nature." It is because the "earnest minded young men" of the text, actually respect the "pure and beautiful truths of christianity," and from experience and acquaintance with professors, and churches, believe they do not respect them, that they turn away from the whole concern. They see if 'modern christianity' is truly genuine, it has proved a failure to its professed aims and ends, and if it is spurious, it is to be despised as a cloak for crime, and in either case is not the celestial thing that came down from God, which their needs crave. They have aspirations for truth, and therefore they turn, as they suppose, from what is not, to their own instincts and sympathies, & find the Kingdom of God written there.

Modern christianity rules the country, and puts up and puts down what it pleases. But it does not rule in mercy. Was it merciful and Christlike, it would have cleansed the state and the country long ago of every dram-shop and every chain, instead of countenancing and licensing dram-shops and slavery. Our young men are not so green as to believe in a christianity of that sort. Proud churches, proud people, and Heaven-defiant enactments come not into the score of their views of the Bible and the Christ of the Bible. They know full well if the churches were right, intemperance and slavery would pass off from the earth like the morning cloud and early dew. They would not last a twelve-month. They see the church of the country baptized in the putrid pool of party politics, literally becoming the Partizan School of Fashion, and filling up its costly temples, as unmistakeable evidence of its earthliness, and utterly regardless of the wretchedness that surrounds them. One of two things they see they must do; either turn from them, or be hypocrites themselves. The church itself opens no motive sufficient, in its pulpits, for their sacrifice of all self-respect, and if they adopt its reforms for the sake of currency in the political and commercial world, it is done with an internal & generally unconcealed contempt for the whole concern.

Heaven knows, if the church would arise in the majesty and truthfulness of its delegation, and shut up the dram-shops which its co-operation with hell has opened around our dwellings for the ruin of every thing that God loves—if it would unseal the lips of mercy, and give freedom and vigor to the arm of justice to strike for Christ and free the slave, and be foremost in the works of love and mercy, our "earnest minded young men," instead of turning from it and despising it in their hearts, would honor and embrace it as the mother of life. If *that* was in the way of honor and true glory in this age of the world, the impressible and highly gifted young minds of our country would glory in the *spiritual* if not in the *literal* of the Bible story, and adopt it as the guide to earthly honor and celestial blessedness. This is a great topic. We can only make a suggestion and leave it. —*Carson League.*

HUNGARY.

The flame of liberty is smothered, but not extinguished, in this open country. The present feeling of Hungary towards the Austrians is thus described by a correspondent of the *Christian Register:*

"I asked several persons what the feelings of the Magyars were in regard to Kossuth; the invariable answer was, that almost to a man they were his friends and ready to rise at any moment, so much so, indeed, that the government has not the slightest confidence in them; sends the soldiers raised in Hungary, by conscription, immediately out of the place; has completely disarmed the people, making death the penalty of concealing weapons and not even allowing a knife point! All strong places are garrisoned by Austrians, for the Italian regiments, many of which are kept here, are looked upon as not much better disposed towards the government than the Hungarians. Every nook and corner of the city is guarded and patrolled day and night by the soldiery; and every Magyar of any intelligence or influence is under surveillance, either open or secret. The taxes are about double what they were before the revolution; yet the natural resources of the country are so great, that it seems notwithstanding to thrive."

EARLY RISING REQUIRED BY A WILL.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sargeant, of Leicester, is the following clause:

"As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, 5 till 8 o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of Oct., being three hours each day; and from 7 till 9 o'clock in the morning from the 10th of Oct. to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning; this to be done for some years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone insure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion."

REMEDY FOR HOUSE-FLIES—*Extract of a Letter from a Correspondent.*—"We have had very few *house flies* this season; and the circumstance reminded me of the saying that in cholera years, there were few flies. Lately, however, on going into the kitchen, about one o'clock in the morning, with a light, I found a large bat busy on the wing; and I understood at once the object of his mission. In fair summer weather, we frequently leave open a window high above the ground, and through that he could pass into the kitchen. Knowing that bats were fond of a dim light I set a pale night lamp soon after on the kitchen table, when the family had retired to rest, and left it burning through most of the night. In the morning I examined our stock of flies and did not find half a dozen. That time I saw no bat, but presumed he had been there."

A Funeral Address by Victor Hugo.

The great French poet lately delivered the following eloquent address in London, over the grave of Louise Julien, a French Republican, driven out of France by the present usurper:—

Citizens:—Three graves in four months! Death hastens, and God delivers us one by one. We do not accuse thee, we thank thee all-powerful God, who reopenest to us exiles the gates of our eternal country! This time, the dear lifeless victim we bear to the tomb is a woman. On the 21st of January last, a woman was arrested in her own house at Paris by M. Boudrot, a commissary of police. This woman, still young, (she was but thirty-five,) but a cripple and infirm, was sent to the Prefecture, and confined in the cell No 1, called "the trial cell." This cell, a sort of a cage about seven or eight feet square, without air or light, has been painted by the unfortunate prisoner herself, in a single phrase; she called it a "tomb-like dungeon." She says, and I quote her own words, "In this tomb-like dungeon, mutilated and ill, I passed one and twenty days, pressing my lips, from time to time against the grating, to obtain a little fresh air, so that I might not die." At the end of these 21 days, on the 14th of February, the government of December released this woman, and expelled her. They thrust her at once out of prison and out of the country

The exile left her dungeon with the germs of consumption in her frame. She quitted France, and went to Belgium. Poverty compelled her to travel, coughing, spitting blood, her lungs diseased, in the depth of winter, in the north, amid rain and snow, and in those horrible uncovered carriages which disgrace the wealth of railway companies.

She arrived at Ostend; she had been driven from France; she was now driven from Belgium. She went to England. Hardly had she landed at London when she took to her bed. The disease contracted in the dungeon, and aggravated by the hurried journey of banishment, had assumed a dangerous aspect. The exile—I ought rather to say the poor convict under sentence of death—lay sick and helpless for two months and a half. Then, in the hope of finding here a more genial spring, and a little sunshine, she came to Jersey. We can remember her arriving one cold, rainy morning, through the humid mists of the sea, coughing and shivering in a wretched stuff dress, all soaked with wet. A few days after her arrival she was again compelled to take to her bed; she never rose from it again. Three days ago she died. You will ask me who this woman was, and what she had done to be so treated? I will tell you.

This woman, by patriotic songs, by sympathetic and heartfelt words, by good and civic actions, had rendered the name of Louise Julien, under which the people knew and honored her, celebrated in the faubourgs of Paris. An humble workwoman, she supported her sick mother, and had tended and maintained her for ten years. In the days of civil strife, she occupied herself in making lint, and though lame and scarcely able to drag herself along, she went about to the ambulances and helped the wounded of both parties. This woman of the people was a poetess; she was gifted with an elevated mind. She sang the republic she loved liberty, she invoked with ardor the coming fraternity of all nations, and of all men; she believed in God, in the people, in progress, in France; she poured around, like a vase, her large heart, filled with love and faith, into the minds of the poor. That is what this woman did. M. Bonaparte has slain her. Oh! such a grave as this is not silent, it is filled with sighs, with groans, and with execrations.

Citizens, the people, in the legitimate pride of their might, build with granite and marble enduring edifices, majestic halls, and lofty tribunes, from which their genius speak aloud, and from which the lively eloquence of patriotism, of progress, and of liberty spread abroad in vast waves through the souls of the nation; the people, believing that it only needs to be sovereigns to be unconquerable, imagine these citadels of speech, these sacred fortresses of human intelligence and civilization, to be inaccessible and impregnable, and they say, "the tribune is indestructible." They deceive themselves; those tribunes may be overthrown. A traitor comes, soldiers arrive, a band of robbers concert, unmask themselves, fire, and the sanctuary is invaded—the stone and the marble are scattered—the palace, the temple where a great nation spoke to the world, crumbles into dust, and the foul conquering tyrant applauds his deed, claps his hands, and cries, "It is ended. None will speak again: not a voice will henceforth be raised. All is silent." Citizens, the tyrant in his turn deceives himself. God will not permit that silence shall exist; He will not have it that liberty, which is His word, shall not be heard.

Citizens, at this moment, when the triumphant despots fancy they have taken it away forever, God gives back utterance to ideas. This shattered tribune he has built up again. Not in the midst of public throng—not of granite and marble, he needs them not. He has raised it in solitude; He has constructed it of the grass of the churchyard, with the shade of the cypress, with sad mounds formed by coffins, hidden beneath the earth; and from this solitude, the cypress, these buried coffins, know ye, citizens, what arises? There rises up the piercing wail of humanity, denunciation, and testimony; the inexorable accusations which make the crowned criminal turn pale; there arise the terrible protestations of the dead! There arises the avenging voice—that inextinguishable voice—that voice which cannot be stifled—that voice which cannot be gagged! M. Bonaparte has silenced the tribune. Well! Now let him silence the grave! He and his like will have done nothing so long as a sigh can be heard from the tomb, and so long as a tear is seen to bedew the eye of pity.

Pity!—this word, which has just fallen from my lips, has risen from the inmost depths of my heart at the sight of this coffin—the coffin of a woman—the coffin of our sister—the coffin of a martyr. Pauline Roland in Africa, Louise Julien at Jersey, Francesca Maderspach at Temesvar, Bianca Teliki at Pesth, & so many others; Roualie Gobert, Eugenie Guillemot, Augustine Peau, Blanche Clouart, Josephine Peabeil, Elizabeth Parles, Marie Reviel, Claudine Hibruit, Anne Sangler, the widow Combecure, Armantine Huet, and again, others, sisters, mothers, daughters, wives, banished, exiled, transported, tortured, crushed, crucified. O, wretched woman! What objects of bitter tears, and of unspeakable emotions—weak, suffering, ill, torn from their families, their husbands, their parents, their supporters, sometimes old and bent with age—all have been heroines, many have been heroes! My thoughts at this moment descend into the grave, and kiss the cold feet of this lifeless martyr in her shroud. It is not a woman I venerate in Louise Julien—it is woman—the woman of our day—the woman worthy to become a citizen—woman such as we see her among us—in all her devotion, in all her tenderness, in all her sacrifice, in all her majesty!

Friends, in future times, in the lovely, peaceful, mild, fraternal republic of the future, the part that won as has to play will be great; but what a magnificent prelude to that part are martyrdoms like these, so courageously borne! Men and citizens, we have said more than once in our pride, "The eighteenth century proclaimed the rights of man; the nineteenth shall proclaim the rights of woman." But we must confess, citizens, that we have not hurried ourselves. Many considerations, which were grave, I admit, and which required to be maturely examined, have stayed us; and now, at the moment I am speaking, at the very point which progress has reached, among the best Republicans, among the truest and purest Democrats, many excellent minds still hesitate to admit the equality of the human mind in man and woman, and consequently the assimilation, not to say the complete identity, of civic rights. Let us say it boldly, citizens, so long as prosperity lasted, so long as the republic was erect, woman, forgotten by us, forgot herself; she was content to shine like light, to kindle the mind, to soften the heart, to arouse enthusiasm, to point the way to everything good, just, great and true. Her ambition never reached further.

Woman, who is now the image of our living country, who might be the soul of the state, has been simply the soul of the family. In the hour of adversity her attitude has changed, and she said to us, "We know not whether we have any right to share your power, your liberty, your greatness, but this we know, that we have a right to share your misfortune. To take part in your sufferings, your sorrows, your privations, your distresses, your sacrifices, your exile, your abandonment, if you are without refuge; your hunger if you are without bread—this is the right of woman, and we claim it." And, lo! my brothers, they follow us into battle, they accompany us into banishment, and they precede us in the tomb!

Citizens: Since you have again asked me to speak in your name—since your behest gives my voice the authority which would be wanting to an individual speaker, over the grave of Louise Julien, as, three months before, over the grave of Jean Bousquet, the last sound I wish to utter is the cry of courage, insurrection, and hope! Yes, biers like that of this noble woman before us, portend and foretell the speedy fall of scaffolds, the inevitable overthrow of despotisms and despots. The exiles descend to the tomb one by one; the tyrants dig their graves; but the day will come, citizens, when that grave will open and swallow up the grave-digger.

O! ye dead who surround me, and who hear my words, curses on Louis Bonaparte! Oh dead! execration upon that man! No scaffolds when the day of victory comes; but a long and degrading expiation to that villain! A curse under every sky, in every clime, in France, in Austria, in Lombardy, in Sicily, in Rome, in Poland, in Hungary—a curse on the violators of human rights and divine laws! A curse on the crowders of the hulks, the erectors of gibbets, the destroyers of families, the torturers of the people! A curse on the banishers of fathers, mothers, and children! A curse on the whippers of women! Exiles! let us be implacable in these solemn and religious protests on behalf of right and humanity. The human race stands in need of these terrible cries; the universal conscience of mankind stands in need of this holy indignation of pity. To execrate the murderers is to console the victims! To curse the tyrants is to bless the nations!

The World's Temperance Convention.

That the World's Temperance Convention was a failure is certain. It did not fulfil the expectations of its friends. It commenced its sessions with fifteen hundred persons—it closed them with barely one hundred, and the greater part of its time was occupied in discussing points of order, in strife, contention, and acts of rowdyism.

The immediate cause of the disgraceful disturbance was the attempt of Antoinette L. Brown to address the Convention. She was the only woman who attempted to speak in that assembly, and if she had held her tongue there would, probably, have been no trouble. On her and her sympathizers, the *Providence Tribune* vents its wrath; *they* and *only* they, are the persons justly open to censure and condemnation!—If Miss Brown was an *obtruder* there—if she had no *right* in that Convention—if it was in violation of the rules of the Convention for her to speak—then is she responsible for the bedlam scenes enacted during the "three days" at Metropolitan Hall. The only important question is, had the woman a right to speak in that Convention! If so, then those who opposed the woman were the wrong doers, and on them rest the disgrace and odium of the rowdy proceedings.

The *Tribune* has been exceedingly careful to keep this, the most important point in the whole matter, entirely concealed. We'll bring it out into the light and let the people see at whose door lies the shame of these "disturbances."

Rev. John Marsh, in a letter to Horace Greeley, published in the New York *Tribune* of May 18th, says:—

"Who has said a word about excluding Women from the Convention and all its entertainments? No one. The basis of the Convention has not been settled. *It will probably be as broad as the world.*"

John Marsh we consider pretty good authority, and he declares that the platform would "probably be as broad as the world," and nobody had said a word about excluding women from the entertainments of the Convention.

Again, ex-Mayor Barstow declared to us in the office of the Advocate, soon after the call for the World's Convention was issued, that women were entitled by it, to sit in the Convention and speak on the platform. And furthermore, the Providence *Tribune* which is generally considered as his organ, published, in its editorial columns on the first day of September, the following construction of the aforesaid call.

"From what we know of the men to whom the preliminary arrangements of the meeting have been entrusted, we feel authorized to say that all the privileges of membership will be extended to every delegate whether rich or poor, male or *female*, black or white."

The call, then, according to the showing of its own friends and signers, fairly included females in its invitation. Miss Brown was not therefore excluded by the call, and those who clamored her down could not justify themselves by an appeal to its letter, even if they could by its spirit. Was Miss Brown a delegate within the intent and meaning of the call—a delegate as truly and really as John Marsh or ex-Mayor Barstow? She had precisely the same kind and the same amount of evidence to prove her membership as had these two gentleman, viz—her credentials from a regularly organized temperance society. In fact, she was admitted as a delegate, and not until she rose to speak was her right to the platform called in question.—Neal Dow, the President of the Convention, declared that she had the right to speak and that she was in order. An appeal was taken from the decision, and the Convention sustained him in his position. Miss Brown then attempted to proceed; but the minority, consisting, as the reports state, largely of clergymen, some of whom were from slaveholding states, screamed, yelled, and cried out, "down with the woman," "turn her out," and with the fury of bedlamites, continued their opposition until the police cleared the hall.

If these are the facts, and we challenge contradiction, what is the inference! Who caused the disturbance! Who disgraced the meeting! Who deserves the blame, the censure, the condemnation, odium! 'Twas not Antoinette Brown nor her friends who caused the disturbance, but those who, against all rule and all decency, clamored her down, and denied to her the right of speech.—*R. I. Freeman.*

How much Sleep?

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says a cotemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article, is that four or five hours is sufficient for any man to sleep. This, however, is an error. Different constitutions require different quantities of sleep, for while one person is healthy on five hours sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking, individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need that amount of sleep; the wear and tear of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is demanded.—Overtasking themselves, without accurate sleep, is to such persons premature death. Neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene, followed eventually by death. For this class of individuals to endeavor to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern, fed by periodical rains only, to yield inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops when nothing is put on the land.—It is inexhaustible vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons, fortunately constituted, who with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep. Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth he owed his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue as to his genius, for he could outwork two ordinary men, if not more. Yet, after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he would sleep nearly a day. Bourriene, his secretary, relates that after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work, at any time, with so little sleep. Laboring with the brain is even more exhausting than laboring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose for purposes of recuperation.

Nevertheless there are persons with whom sleep has become a disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, nod in the evening, and in fact, may be said never to be more than half awake. Such people kill themselves, in the end, as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for every vital function becomes torpid, life stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Incident of the Yellow Fever.

The scourge spares none. The youthful and the aged; the beautiful and the good; child, parents, sister, brother—all fall before the insatiate monster of the yellow breath. The *N. O. Crescent* gives the following interesting incident:—

"A few months ago a merchant of this city took to his home and heart a youthful bride, and went to reside in the Fourth district. Wishing to live in privacy, he engaged only one servant—a fresh green girl from the Emerald Isle. She took the fever and died in a few days under. A mother was hired and shared the same fate. A third and fourth filled the vacancy in the household, and followed in succession the sweeping summons of the same fell destroyer. Following the impulse of a natural dread, the merchant went to Mobile to avoid the destructive visitation of the scourge, and the next day buried his young and beautiful bride. Disgusted with a home where nought but empty chambers served to call up the memories of departed joys, he returned to the city to sell out his household, determined to leave a locality to him so suggestive of sorrow. He died the next day. When our informant visited the premises, there was but one living creature there. It was a solitary parrot, swinging in its lonely cage, and wailing unwittingly its deserted state. Alas! poor Pol!

THE DAIRY.

The circumstances which affect the quality of the milk are various. The breed has an effect; the small ones yielding richer milk than the larger, in which respect the small Derry cow is superior to the large Yorkshire. The kind of food also affects the milk; hay, corn and oil-cake produce richer milk than turnips and straw, and yield more butter; bean-meal and tares afford more cheese than oil-cake, corn, potatoes and turnips. In the time of calving, it is well known that the first milk of a cow, called the beistyn is much richer than milk which she ordinarily gives. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in warm and dry, though not thundery weather.

The season has its effect; the milk in the spring is supposed to be best for drinking; hence, is then best suited for calves, in summer for cheese, in autumn for butter—the autumn butter keeping better than summer. Cows less frequently milked than others will give richer milk, and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's.—The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons is richer than any other part of the milk, and much richer than the milk first drawn, which is the poorest.

A cow before she becomes again in calf, gives richer milk than afterwards, a portion of the secretion which supplies the richer milk being, no doubt, withdrawn to support the fœtus. A well-formed cow will generally give more milk than an ill-formed one.—Old pastures produce richer milk than those just got into grass. Many other circumstances may be known in different localities, to affect the quantity of the milk of cows; but a sufficient number have been given to show how various are the circumstances which may affect the produce of the dairy, and how perplexing it must be to conduct it in the most profitable way.—*Stevens' Book of Farming.*

Three or four weeks ago an amusing incident took place in one of the most fashionable of the New York hotels, which is too good to be lost. A distinguished Southern gentleman, formerly a member of the cabinet, was a boarder in the house, and preferring not to eat at the table d'hote, had his meals served in his own parlor. Being somewhat annoyed with the airs of a negro servant who waited on him, he desired him one day to retire. The negro bowed and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with impatience that a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup. "Fellow," said he "leave the room, I wish to be alone." "Excuse me sir," said Cuffee, drawing himself up stiffly, "*but I am responsible for the silver.*"

RICH SCENE.—Among the Sunday sports in Cincinnati, an exchange notices the following:

"Five wives whipped by drunken husbands; grand regatta on the river between boatmen; eighteen men and three women arrested for disorderly conduct in the streets; several robberies; and an indefinite number of pockets picked."

"Come here, sonny, and tell me what the four seasons are!" "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar—them's what mammy always *seasons* with."